Lew. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
War. I must shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree:
Ile ioyne mine eldest Daughter and my ioy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlockes bands.
Quee. With all my heart, that match I like full well,
Loue her Sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie Souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord *Burbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall wait them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring traunce,
For mocking marriage with the name of Fraunce.
War. I came from *Edward* as Embassadour,
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answare his demaunde.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his iest to sorrow:
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* miserie,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, the Queene, and Clarence, Glouster, Montague, Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiers.

Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Glocester*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the Ladie *Gray*?
Glo. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are so slacke in iudgment, that theyle take no offence at
this suddaine marriage.
K. Ed. Suppose they do; they are but *Lewis*, and *Warwicke*,
And I am your King, and *Warwickes*, And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because you are our king, but yet such sud-
daine marriages seldome proueth well.

Ed.

t. penult. because our king.

Ed. Yea brother *Richard*, are you against vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord: no, God forfend that I should
Once gainesay your highnesse pleasure:
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel togither.
Ed. Setting your scornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Lady *Gray*
May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Glouster*,
Montague, and *Hastinges*.
Cla. My Lord, then this is my opinion,
That *Warwicke* being dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge, to quite his iniuries.
Glo. And *Lewis*, in regard of his sisters wronges,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke*, to supplant your state.
Ed. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise?
Mont. But yet to haue ioyned with Fraunce in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthned this our
Common wealth, gainst forraigne stormes;
Then any home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not Fraunce nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speache the Lord *Hastings* well deserues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
Ed. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too, the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your handes, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers to goe seeke else where: but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Ed. Alasse poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content?
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.
Cla. Nay, you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choyse as I thinke good: and to that intent,
I shortly meane to leaue you.
Ed. Leaue me or tarrie, I am full resolu'd,

 Ed.